

## He's My Heaven

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## He's My Heaven

by Anonymous

### Summary

Neither of them had any idea how they'd ended up like this. Maybe it was the sunset, or the perfect privacy of Dream's apartment, or maybe just that neither of them had been touched much since quarantine started. Regardless, once it happened, it seemed strangely inevitable.

George gasped at the pressure as Dream pressed into him. It was slow, but firm, and Dream's weight on him and inside him made him ache.

"All right, George?"

--

AKA smut, but make it soft and emo.

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This will be deleted immediately if either streamer whose persona is used within changes their stance on fan works and explicit content.

### Notes

I may regret this later, but for now please enjoy the sweetest sex scene I have ever written.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

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privacy of Dream's apartment, or maybe just that neither of them had been touched much since quarantine started. Regardless, once it started happening, it seemed strangely inevitable.

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"All right, George?"

Dream murmured it into his ear and the softness in his voice was enough to make George melt. Despite how gentle Dream was being, George was overwhelmed by the sensations. He nodded, saving his breath.

Dream could feel the smaller boy struggling to relax around his length, and had the good sense not to move, even though he burned for stimulation. Instead, he bent down to plant sweet, apologetic kisses in the curve of George's neck, trying to distract him from the sudden feeling of fullness.

After a while, George's breathing became less labored and he seemed to return to the moment. He laid a cautious hand on his stomach. Maybe it was Dream's size, or maybe the relative size difference between them, or maybe it was just that George had never done anything like this before, but he felt impossibly full, like maybe if he pressed down hard enough, he could feel Dream's shape through his stomach. Dream shifted ever so slightly and George whimpered and reached for him. Dream settled George's arms around him and found his gaze.

George was such a pretty picture looking up at him. Flushed and a little sweaty, his hair mussed and those soft lips slightly parted. His big, brown eyes were glassy, tearing up at the effort, at being held open, but not crying for Dream being rough. At least he hoped not.

"You're doing so good, George," Dream praised, "So good."

George blushed deeper at that and Dream bit back a groan when he felt George tighten around him. If he didn't move soon, he would die. It would be the end of him, right then and there. But still, no matter the temptation, the overwhelming urge, the pressure on his aching cock, his care for George was more important. His friend's comfort was first and foremost.

George looked up at Dream and god, he was supposed to be the smooth one, the one who called the shots. But there, braced on his arms, panting lightly, green eyes soft and warm with care, buried deep in George, Dream looked helpless. Totally whipped. George could sense his desperation to move and raised a hand to sweetly brush his dirty blond hair out of his eyes.

"Can I -- ?"

Before Dream could finish, George sank down the last inch, giving him the go ahead. Dream was done for. He began to move, pushing his thick, swollen length in and out, pulling out until just the tip was left, then pressing forward again. It still wasn't as fast as the heat in his stomach wanted him to go, but he ignored the urge, relishing the slow, even pace.

George whimpered in earnest now, his little whines and gasps music to Dream's ears. He must be doing something right. George was adjusting well, but he still felt wrecked, stretched to his limit as Dream kept working him more and more open. His own cock twitched every time Dream hit particularly deep, leaking onto his stomach. George looked down and hid his face in Dream's neck at the sight. It was too much, too much, and still not enough.

"Dream," he gasped.

Dream nuzzled his nose back into the curve of George's neck for a moment, touched. Then he sat

up as much as he could without disturbing the boy. He looked down at him for a moment, suddenly shy.

"Clay," he said softly. "Call me Clay?"

George nodded and started to sit up with him, but moaned at the shift inside of him. After a moment of maneuvering, Dream scooped George up and steadied him, so he was sitting in his lap, legs spread on either side of Dream's thighs. George panted, and Dream guided his arms back around his own broad shoulders, trying to give him something to hold on to. They stayed like that, both catching their breaths, enjoying the simple warmth of skin on skin.

Dream was still buried deep in George, but at least for that moment, the overwhelming need for friction had gone. He just wanted to stay there, wrapped up in George forever, breathing in his scent. He would have been content to sit there with George's head on his shoulder forever, but George pulled back to meet his eyes again.

"Clay --"

And Dream was done for. He would have done anything George wanted, anything at all. He didn't know when his real name had become such a rarity, but it spilled from George's lips like a precious jewel and he was well and truly done.

"Clay, please?"

"Anything," Dream whispered, voice cracking, "anything you want."

"Please," George repeated, too embarrassed or maybe just too wrecked to elaborate.

Dream complied, placing his hands on George's hips and resuming his thrusting. The sounds he drew out of George now were pure sin. Or, no, that wasn't right. Why was that his first thought, that this was sinful? Dirty? Wrong? Dream knew better, he thought, but there was still a voice in his head that told him this wasn't right, that he didn't deserve George, that he was committing something terrible by even thinking about George this way.

But if he told himself the truth, there was nothing sinful about it. On the contrary, George felt like heaven. He tasted like honey and tea and smelled like books and freshly washed sheets. He was more heaven than anything Dream had ever known before. He quieted the voice and focused instead on the beautiful boy on his lap.

Dream pumped in and out of him with renewed energy, his thrusts long and deep. George wasn't tiny, but he was definitely small enough to make sliding him up and down easy. Dream's hands rested at his waist, his thumb gently rubbing circles into the skin there, a sharp contrast to the way he guided George up and down on his cock.

"Clay, I..."

He whined, and it turned into a long, high moan. Dream could feel George's thighs beginning to shake, his whole body trembling.

"You want me to touch you?" he asked.

George whimpered and nodded.

"Please, Clay," he choked out.

Dream obliged, running his thumb over George's tip before stroking his erection in earnest. That was all it took. George cried out and threw his head back, clenching down hard on Dream's length as he came apart. Dream held him close, letting him tremble and gasp through it. He slowed his movement as George came down, but he was still rock hard, throbbing for his own release. He petted George's hair and rubbed his back as he thrust lazily into him, making him whimper at the stimulation.

"You did so good, George," he murmured into his ear, "so good, so lovely."

George was still gasping for breath, but Dream could feel him smile as he kissed along his jaw.

"Do you -- ?" George gasped, "Don't you still need to -- ?"

"Only if you're okay," Dream replied.

George laughed weakly.

"Ever the gentleman," he teased, "Go on."

"Are you sure? I don't want to hurt you --"

"I'll tell you if it's too much."

Dream left one last kiss near George's collarbone.

"All right. Promise."

George started to say "promise" back, but ended up whining instead as Dream moved within him again. Dream was right, it was almost too much. He was so sensitive from his climax and Dream was still so big, so thick. Still, George felt loose and open, so the struggle to take him was mostly gone.

It was a different kind of pleasure, this feeling. Dream rolled his hips and moved George how he needed him with less inhibition, reaching for his own climax. George wasn't sure whether or not to cry, he was so overstimulated, but so warm and safe and happy. He bit back sobs as he felt Dream stroke deep inside of him. His cock twitched in spite of itself and he felt himself tearing up. It wasn't painful, exactly, just overwhelming. Still, he wanted to give Dream this, and besides, whatever kept him closer for longer was good thing in George's book.

Dream's strokes began to stutter and George figured out what was coming a moment before it hit. He pressed his lips to Dream's neck as he came with a gasp, spilling deep inside of George. He kept pumping right through his high and then, with one last, lazy thrust, they were parted.

George was still on his lap, sweaty and exhausted, and suddenly so, so empty. He felt himself clenching around nothing, trying to squeeze closed around something, but stretched a bit too far open to do so.

Dream wrapped George up in a tight bear hug, head on his shoulder, chest to chest. Neither of them said anything. There would be consequences to this, this thing they had just done, but they were best left unspoken for the moment. The only sound in the room was the quiet whirr of a fan and their intermingled breathing, slowly evening out.

"All right?" Dream asked quietly when he found the breath.

"Never better," George replied.

## End Notes

I'm gonna go yeet myself, goodbye

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